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THE ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS.  
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# THE ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS

THE BATTLE OF FLANDERS: WOUNDED COMING IN.  
OFFICIAL PHOTO.



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# The Illustrated London News

*of AUGUST 11 contains illustrations of—*

HISTORIC PHOTOGRAPHS OF NICHOLAS II.,  
EX-EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, AND HIS FAMILY  
AS PRISONERS.

WYTSCHAETE CHURCH BELL PRESENTED TO  
KING ALBERT BY THE BRITISH ARMY:  
HIS MAJESTY THANKING GENERAL  
PLUMER.

A SERVICE OF INTERCESSION IN WEST-  
MINSTER ABBEY, AUGUST 5, 1917.

THE BRITISH THRUST FOR THE CROSSINGS  
OF THE STEENBEEK. NEAR STEEN-  
STRAATE: THE NEW BATTLE OF FLANDERS

BRINGING UP TROOPS BY THE CANAL WATER-  
WAYS IN FLANDERS: A BRITISH INFANTRY  
BATTALION DISEMBARKING FROM A  
TRANSPORT BARGE.

ORPEN'S PORTRAIT OF SIR DOUGLAS HAIG,  
PAINTED AT THE FRONT.

THE GUNS OF FLANDERS: TYPES OF  
BRITISH ARTILLERY.

AN ATTACK ACROSS A WATERLOGGED PLAIN  
IN THE NEW BATTLE OF FLANDERS.

THE RUNNER.

A GREAT PRELIMINARY BOMBARDMENT IN  
THE NEW OFFENSIVE IN FLANDERS.

FIGURES AND DIAGRAMS ILLUSTRATING THE  
GROWTH OF OUR EXPENDITURE.

AEROPLANES' MARVELLOUS EVOLUTIONS.

CAMOUFLAGED AGAINST ENEMY AIRMEN:  
AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN-CREW.

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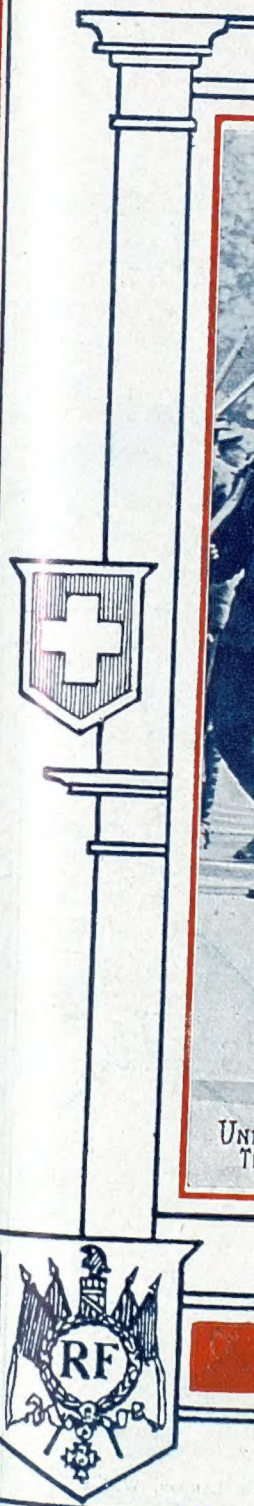
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**THE  
WAR**





# The Illustrated War News



THE RETURN FROM THE TRENCHES: A CANADIAN GOING TO HIS BILLET.

*Canadian War Records.*



## THE GREAT WAR.

### THE AFTERMATH OF YPRES—FIGHTING IN VILE WEATHER—SECURING THE GAINS— THE PREMIER ON THE FOURTH YEAR OF WAR.

IN weather of the most trying kind, our troops in Flanders continued during the first ten days of August the work they had begun so magnificently on July 31. The expected counter-attacks were delivered with considerable fury at certain points, where positions gained in the first rush had to be yielded temporarily; but the British, although hampered by pouring rain and low-lying mists which made artillery observation almost impossible, maintained the struggle with obstinate gallantry. On Aug. 3 they recaptured the village of St. Julien, lost on Aug. 1, and established themselves firmly there. During the same day the enemy made partially successful attempts to drive us from Infantry Hill, east of Monchy-le-Preux. After heavy bombardment, the Germans attacked on a front of about half-a-mile, and pierced our front-line trenches at two points; but later in the day they were driven out of nearly all the ground thus seized. At the same time, the Germans massed for a heavy counter-attack north of the Ypres - Roulers railway station, but were caught by the British artillery and could not develop the projected movement. Simultaneously, successful raids were made upon the enemy trenches south of Lombartzyde. Better weather was reported from the Western front on Aug. 5, and the troops

enjoyed a few welcome hours of hot sunshine. The sporadic fighting of the previous days gave place to a more general activity; but such actions as took place were fought on narrow, isolated fronts. For a time a fierce enemy thrust



AT THE VENTILATION-WINDOW OF A CAPTURED GERMAN DUG-OUT ON THE WESTERN FRONT: READING GOOD NEWS OF BRITISH VICTORY ELSEWHERE TO COMRADES OUTSIDE.—[Canadian War Records.]

at Hollebeke seemed threatening, and some advanced positions were entered; but our troops held firm, finally driving the Germans out and taking some prisoners. The remaining positions at Monchy-le-Preux were all regained. On the south side of Lens the Canadians, attacking on a 1000-yards front, made material progress and entered the outskirts of the township, where they made good what they had won. At St. Julien there was a further gain. Next day the enemy again

menaced Hollebeke, but his attack melted away under artillery fire. An attack made on Westhoek, under cover of a heavy barrage, failed also. At Lens there was a

further slight advance. On the 7th the operations were confined to a fairly lively artillery duel, but with no incident of special importance. On Aug. 9 our airmen flew forty miles behind the enemy's lines, and vigorously bombed aerodromes and railways. They blew up one train and derailed



BETWEEN-WHILES DURING A BOMBARDMENT OF THE ENEMY'S TRENCHES IN FLANDERS: CANADIAN GUNNERS TAKING A SPELL OF WELL-EARNED REST.

Canadian War Records.

another. There was a renewal of raiding at Lombartzyde, and southward at Rœux and Oppy; while the enemy artillery again showed a fresh

activity. The weather had again taken a turn for the worse; but on the whole the atmospheric conditions were more hopeful, and, with ground, further operations on a large scale were likely to be undertaken at no distant date.

A remarkable feature of the great battle has been the exploits of our airmen, despite the handicap of the weather. Debarred from their usual duty as observers, they took the place of the German lines. Almost brushing the enemy, they flew over aerodromes, and marching columns, bombing them and driving them with machine-guns most effectively. Further particulars have been given of the battle between the Kaiser's "Cockchafers" and our

Welsh Fusiliers. It was a thorough beating for the crack German regiment, who were borne down by better men. Over 600 prisoners were taken: it is reasonable to suppose that as many were killed and wounded. Putting the battalion strength at, say, 1600, very little of the Cockchafers remains. Among other British units which won distinction were the Sherwood Foresters, who put up a particularly fine fight around Hooze and Westhoek. The Lewis gunners have also earned special praise in the way in which they kept down counter-attacks by their fire. But for them, it is said, the battle might have broken into the whole of our front line at Westhoek.

From Aug. 3 to 5 the French troops left in Flanders had little to report except persistent bad weather and an unchanged front. On the 4th, however, our Allies, despite the weather and the fearful state of the ground, made progress beyond Kortekker Cabaret. The artillery fighting grew more violent towards the French extreme point of the front on July 31; but the day closed without any infantry action. Next day the situation changed, and on the 7th the artillery



DURING ONE OF THE BOMBARDMENTS: BLOWING-UP AND CLEARING OF ENEMY TRENCHES WITH TRENTON.



activity. The weather had again taken a turn for the worse; but on the whole the atmospheric conditions were more hopeful, and, with drying ground, further operations on a large scale are likely to be undertaken at no distant date.

A remarkable feature of the great battle has been the exploits of our airmen, despite the terrible handicap of the weather. Debarred from their usual duty as observers, they took the offensive, and carried out the most daring low flights behind the German lines. Almost brushing the heads of the enemy, they flew over aerodromes, railways, and marching columns, bombing them and peppering them with machine-guns most effectively. Further particulars have been given of the affair between the Kaiser's "Cockchafers" and the Welsh Fusiliers.

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The Lewis gunners have also earned special praise for the way in which they kept down counter-attacks by their fire. But for them, it is said, the Germans might have broken into the whole of our advanced line at Westhoek.

From Aug. 3 to 5 the French troops on our left in Flanders had little to report except persistent bad weather and an unchanged situation. On the 4th, however, our Allies, despite the wet and the fearful state of the ground, managed to progress beyond Kortekeer Cabaret. Later, the artillery fighting grew more violent towards Bixschoote, the French extreme point of gain on July 31; but the day closed without any infantry action. Next day the situation was unchanged, and on the 7th the artillery was again

fairly lively towards Bixschoote, but there was still no infantry action.

To the south, the French situation remains very much as it has been for weeks past. The chief feature of interest, on a general review of the fighting on the Chemin des Dames, in Champagne, and on the Meuse, is a manifest lightening of the German attacks. At the beginning of the week none of the enemy's efforts came to anything. The heaviest blows were aimed at the lines near Cerny, the Casemates Plateau, Juvin-court, and Avocourt. These attempts were clearly lacking in weight, and were easily repelled. On the night of the 5th the Germans failed at Vaux-aillon, Cerny, Avocourt, and in Alsace; and the following day there was only artillery fighting.

On the 7th the enemy turned his attention particularly to the outlying defences of Verdun, and advanced to deliver an attack between Avocourt Wood and Hill 304. The German attack was met by a violent and well-directed fire, under which it withered, and the assailants were forced at once to seek shelter in the trenches which they had just quitted. Their losses were considerable, and the attempt was not renewed. "The new Verdun," which never approached the in-



DURING ONE OF THE BOMBARDMENTS IN THE NEW BATTLE OF FLANDERS: BLOWING-UP AND CLEARING AWAY GERMAN BARBED-WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS WITH TRENCH-MORTAR SHELLS—A WELL-PLACED BURST.

Canadian War Records.

tensity of its godmother among battles, shows distinct signs of "petering out." A brief success at Caurières Wood, on the right bank of the Meuse, gave an enemy detachment a trench or two; but it was turned out in a very short time. The patience and endurance of our Allies in these sectors is beyond all praise. For a long time now they have been cheered by no great or dramatic incident—their game has been the grim and tedious one of holding on; but this they are doing magnificently, and every day only stiffens their determination. And, meanwhile, they make the enemy pay dearly for his paltry local successes, which he is never able to consolidate. Our Allies are building a foundation for their work of reconquest.



Evidence of enemy detrition is to be found in an order discovered in a captured trench by some Australians. It warned the German troops that their spell of duty in the trenches was to be pro-



TO COMMAND THE JEWISH BRIGADE NOW BEING ORGANISED IN THE BRITISH ISLES: LIEUT.-COL. J. H. PATTERSON, D.S.O. Colonel Patterson is the distinguished Irish officer who raised and led the celebrated Zion Mule Corps, the personnel of which comprised Jews from Palestine who got away from the Turks, and did exceptionally distinguished work at Gallipoli. He is personally seeing to the organisation of the new unit.—[Photograph by C.N.]

longed, which is an unmistakable sign of failing man-power. There is proof also of units not nearly up to establishment strength, and of a heavy drain on new levies. Particulars obtained from prisoners of one enemy division showed 28 per cent. of the whole drawn from boys of the 1918 class, and 5 per cent. from the 1917 class. Men combed out last year from industries made 15 per cent.; and the rest, 52 per cent., was made up of returned sick and wounded. These figures are sufficiently significant. It is instructive, together with the failure of the new Verdun, to consider the operations on the far north of our Western line. Both the French position in the south and that of our Allies and ourselves in the north present a striking parallelism. Each is a serious threat to the enemy's main arteries of communication, and each constitutes what may be described as a colossal flank attack. To resist these two pressures in their ultimate consequences he is only doubtfully prepared. His means dwindle steadily, and the success of our arms at these points would force him to a general retirement. The unity of the Western front has long been axiomatic, but to the lay observer it was not at first self-evident. Recent events, however, are

gradually revealing the consistent and well-contrived strategy of the Allied High Command, which depends not only in detail, but in its complete conception, upon a masterly system. The vast space of the battle-ground calls for an equal vastness in the time factor; but what seems slow, on a narrow view, is really, when the whole is considered, extraordinarily expeditious.

The Italian front was still relatively quiet; desultory artillery fire and patrol encounters made up the sum of the fighting. On Aug. 3 the Italian airmen undertook an important flight to Pola, where they bombed the arsenal and the big military works, causing great destruction and serious fires. All the aircraft returned safely to their bases. The most important Italian event for this country was the presence in London of Baron Sonnino, the Foreign Minister, who attended the great meeting at Queen's Hall on the third anniversary of the declaration of war. At that meeting the Prime Minister had also the support of M. Pashitch, the Serbian Prime Minister. Mr. Lloyd George, in a rousing speech, restated once more the aims of the Allies, and took as the keynote of his address the words, "There must be no next time." Baron Sonnino declared that Italy was resolved to see the war through to a satisfactory conclusion. The fourth year of war opened with a firm temper of resolution. There was no disguising the seriousness of the situation, but the public face it with but one end in view.

LONDON: AUG. 11, 1917.



NOW UNDER THE STARS AND STRIPES FOR ALLIED SERVICE: THE MAMMOTH GERMAN LINER "VATERLAND."

The "Vaterland," the biggest Atlantic liner afloat, was the pride of Germany in 1914. She was in an American port, about to return to Europe, when the war broke out, and stayed there, and was interned by the U.S. Government. On America declaring war with Germany, the "Vaterland" was taken over by the American authorities.—[Photograph by Topical.]



## A Great Soldier of



"A RESOLUTE MAN": THE FRENCH

Almost unknown until his heroic defence of Verdun, the Army and the people of France. On May 15, General Joffre was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the West and North-East, in succession to General Nivelle. A politician who has known him since boyhood has said





A Great Soldier of France, and Idol of the People.



"A RESOLUTE MAN": THE FRENCH LEADER ON THE WESTERN FRONT—GENERAL PÉTAİN.

Almost unknown until his heroic defence of Verdun, the successor of General Joffre and General Nivelle possesses the confidence of the Army and the people of France. On May 15, General Pétain was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the North and North-East, in succession to General Nivelle. A French politician who has known him since boyhood has said: "He is

very resolute and tremendously cool . . . a soldier through and through," and he is modern enough to recognise, that "we are carrying on a war of workshops." General Pétain is sixty-one, but at the outbreak of war was only a Colonel. He became a Brigadier-General after the fighting at Charleroi, distinguished himself in the Battle of the Marne, and crowned all at Verdun.—[Photo. Melcy.]





# With the Guards in the first Attack of the New Battle of f



TO HOLD THEIR GAINS: GUARDSMEN, WITH BARBED WIRE FOR FORTIFYING THE GR  
ON AGAINST COUNTER-ATTACKS, CROSSING ONE OF  
"The Guards," says a "Times" correspondent, "did magnificently. Going methodically forward they took every trench and  
point they were set to take precisely as was appointed for them, until they arrived close up to the Steenbeek River, which  
was to mark the farthest limit of possible advance." On their way they had to cross the derelict Yser Canal, along which  
was formed the German outpost front-line, fringed with o  
shell and shrapnel poured lavishly on that well-registered l  
lads of the Guards threw seventeen bridges over the Canal



## Attack of the New Battle of Flanders.



ON AGAINST COUNTER-ATTACKS, CROSSING ONE OF THEIR OWN YSER CANAL BRIDGES.

was formed the German outpost front-line, fringed with outlying marshy tracts and flat sodden fields. "Despite the hail of shell and shrapnel poured lavishly on that well-registered landmark," describes the "Morning Post" correspondent, "the stout lads of the Guards threw seventeen bridges over the Canal." The bridges would take a soldier in full kit.—[Official Photograph.]



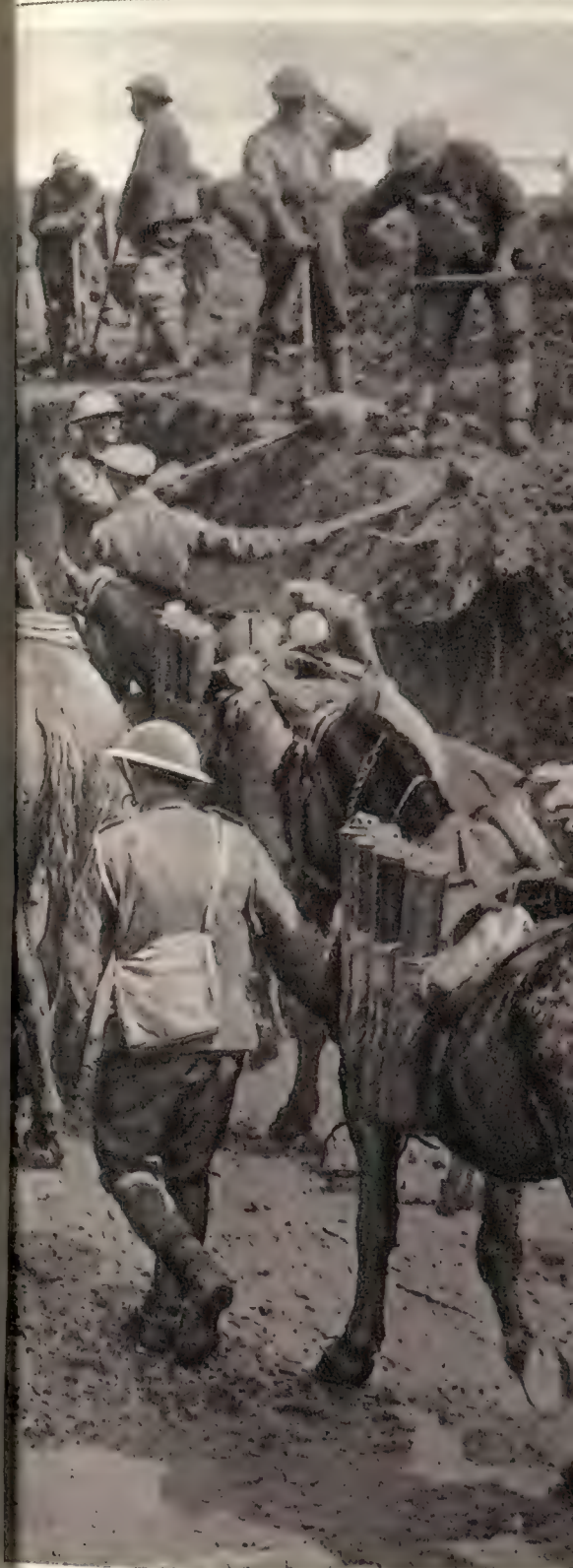


# At the Immediate Rear of the Battlefield during the New Battle



ON A PARTLY FINISHED BATTLEFIELD ROAD: MUD-BESPATTERED ARTILLERY

Road-making goes on regardless of weather hindrances at all times within the battle-area on the Western Front. By day, often while fighting is taking place, and at night also, during the temporary lulls of infantry fighting between each thrust forward, navy corps and regimental working parties are hard at it with pick and shovel. The formation of durable traffic



AMMUNITION PACK-HORSES BRINGING UP LOADS

routes from the rear for the rapid and unchecked bringing up of ammunition to the front. By day, often while fighting is taking place, and at night also, during the temporary lulls of infantry fighting between each thrust forward, navy corps and regimental working parties are hard at it with pick and shovel. The formation of durable traffic



lefield during the New battle of flanders.



AMMUNITION PACK-HORSES BRINGING UP LOADS OF FIELD-GUN SHELLS.

By day, routes from the rear for the rapid and unchecked bringing up of stores and ammunition proceeds, indeed, on the actual battle-field whilst troops in front are consolidating captured positions and beating off counter-attacks. In the illustration, field-artillery pack-horses laden with shells in saddle-pockets are seen on such a road leading right up to the batteries.



## Canadian Railway Navvy Work on the Western front.



### MAKING A RAILWAY TRACK: A "PLOUGH" CLEARING A CUTTING; A "DRAG-SCRAPER" AT WORK.

In addition to the army of Canadian lumber-men who have been brought over to England and France to cut timber for Army purposes, a large number of handicraftsmen, ordinarily employed on railway constructional work in Canada, have been shipped across the Atlantic for special work at the Front, of a kind familiar to them. They have brought with them their implements and

machines, certain of which are seen above at work behind the lines on the Western Front. In the upper illustration they are preparing a track for a light railway with a "plough" for paring away the sides of a cutting. In the lower illustration, a "drag-scraper" is at work clearing up the sheared-away soil, for conveyance to form an embankment elsewhere.—[Canadian War Records.]

## Canadian Railway



### MAKING A RAILWAY TRACK: REMO

In the upper illustration a four-mule Canadian ' after being filled in a cutting, is seen carrying a earth sheared down by the "plough" from the cutting. Two of the four mules transport the earth two being taken out and left to rest awhile till the empty. The load of soil is taken off beyond the cutting.



## Canadian Railway Navy Work on the Western front.



### MAKING A RAILWAY TRACK: REMOVING SOIL IN THE "DRAG-SCRAPER"; AFTER "TIPPING UP."

In the upper illustration a four-mule Canadian "drag-scraper," after being filled in a cutting, is seen carrying away its load of earth sheared down by the "plough" from the sides of the cutting. Two of the four mules transport the earth, the other two being taken out and left to rest awhile till the scraper returns empty. The load of soil is taken off beyond the cutting to where

an embankment is being built in order to keep the track on the level, and tipped out, heaping up the soil. In the lower illustration the "scraper" is seen on the embankment after having discharged its load. The mules are brought back at a run to resume work in the cutting with the waiting pair, who alternate journeys with them.—[Canadian War Records.]



At Hooge, in the New Battle of Flanders.



AFTER THE FIGHT: IN THE WRECKED VILLAGE; CANADIANS TROLLEYING ON A LIGHT RAILWAY.

The ground over which our men attacked at Hooge, where the enemy held the remains of the château, led over the battlefield of months ago amidst the debris of the village. It was, further, in the words of a correspondent, "littered with coils of rusted wire and pierced with innumerable pits and craters, some of them half-full of filthy water, and the narrow footways between were a mass

of soft mud. Weighted as they were with heavy packs and shovels, and the other paraphernalia of assaulting troops, it was difficult to move steadily. The men would halt now and then to pull out a comrade who was buried, sometimes waist-deep in the mire." The lower illustration shows Canadians trolleying on a light railway-track through a destroyed village.—[Official Photos.]

Behind the Lines



INCIDENTALS: BARRACK QUARTERS OF

The barrack quarters of some of our men on the Western Front, shown in the upper illustration, suggest certainly a masterly ingenuity and clever construction. The hutment is entirely of the tin sides of empty petrol tins, walls and roof alike. The neatly finished externals, indeed, the building somewhat resembles (with improvements) some of those rows of slate-built cottages.



Aug. 15, 1917

THE ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS.

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## Behind the Lines on the Western front.



### INCIDENTALS: BARRACK QUARTERS OF USED PETROL-TINS; CALCUTTA'S GIFT OF AMBULANCES.

The barrack quarters of some of our men on the Western Front, shown in the upper illustration, suggest certainly a masterpiece of ingenuity and clever construction. The hutment is entirely built of the tin sides of empty petrol tins, walls and roof alike. In neatly finished externals, indeed, the building somewhat resembles (with improvements) some of those rows of slate-built cottages

that tourists see in the West of England. The completeness is noteworthy: the window-frames and sashes compactly in place, the tidy "grid," gangway of battens running the length of the front, the scraper beside one door for muddy weather. The lower illustration shows a fine squad of ambulances that Calcutta has presented to the Western Front Army.—[Official Photographs.]



## ROMANCES OF THE REGIMENTS: LXII.—THE R.A.M.C.

## THE SURGEON'S ADVENTURE.

IT was in the days when the Medical Service stood on a rather different footing from that on which it stands to-day. The Army doctor had still a long fight before him for that rank and recognition which is his due. In the Peninsular War he was only by courtesy an officer. That did not, however, prevent him from enjoying certain of the privileges of military glory, and one which is common to all ranks.

Late one night Assistant-Surgeon Macgregor, who was quartered in a remote village with a small detachment, was knocked out of bed by a messenger not on regimental business. He used some language, but put his head out at the window and asked who was there. A voice in very broken English begged him, for the love of the Virgin, to come to a sick person some little distance away. No doctor was within twenty miles. Would the English *Senhor* have pity?

Like all the best of his profession, Macgregor could not find it in his heart to refuse. He grumbled a little, but put on his clothes, and, for precaution, awoke his servant, telling him to come also. The night was dark and the weather unpleasant. He came down to the door and found that the mysterious messenger had brought two horses, besides his own. "Was it far, then?" the surgeon asked, for he had good Portuguese. "A couple of leagues." That was rather more than he had bargained for, but, being in for it, he made no open demur. The messenger, however, noticed his hesitation, and said something about gold. "Curse your gold!" the doctor cried. "Tell me, what sort of a case is it? Is it broken bones or a fever or wounds, or what?"

"It is a fever," the messenger replied.

Macgregor put up some things he might require, and, his man being now ready, they mounted and rode cautiously out of the village. By rights, the doctor should have asked leave, but to wake the

officer in charge of the detachment would have meant only a refusal. Macgregor was young, and keen to see how the night's adventure would end. He knew he was possibly doing a foolish thing; but, on the other hand, there were the calls of humanity. If difficulty arose, both he and his man, Sandy White, had pistols. He questioned the messenger, but could get nothing out of him except an agitated request, "Ride on, for the love of heaven."

About one in the morning they reached what seemed to be a country house, once splendid, but now very much the worse for wear, and in part sadly battered by the chances of war. The guide hurried the doctor across the *palio* to a room where

alight burned. As he entered, low moans greeted Macgregor. An old woman rose and pointed towards a bed in the corner. Macgregor approached and looked at his patient, with more than professional interest, for, despite the ravages of sickness, she was, he thought, the loveliest creature he had ever seen. He forgot his broken rest, forgot his tedious journey, looked again, and then, crushing emo-

tion, he became merely the physician, cool, alert.

His examination soon dismissed the theory of fever. He looked at the old woman, and again at the messenger, who was hovering near the door. Their appearance, although a little wild, was not forbidding. He went on with his task, and in an hour was satisfied that he had given the patient relief. Her moans had ceased, and, although much exhausted, she had fallen into a healthy sleep. Giving the old woman some directions, the doctor beckoned to the messenger, who came in and glanced at the sleeping girl. "Praise be to Our Lady," said the man, "our mistress sleeps."

He invited the doctor to follow him to another room, where a simple but elegantly served meal was on the table. The guide himself waited on the doctor, recommending the wine, which was its

[Continued overleaf.]



THE FLANDERS BATTLE: A GERMAN AEROPLANE BROUGHT DOWN BY BRITISH FIRE.—[Official Photograph.]



## Incidents of the



## BY THE WAY: IRISH GUARDS GOING TO

The quiet field-side path with wild flowers growing in profusion at the side on the high hedge-bank, forming the ground of the upper illustration, is within a few hundred yards where the British advance in the new Battle of Flanders. It formed a kind of covered way revetted some time ago with wattle hurdles as seen, on the side towards the Germans,



## Incidents of the New Battle of Flanders.



### BY THE WAY: IRISH GUARDS GOING TO THE TRENCHES; A POILU ON A BRITISH STRETCHER.

The quiet field-side path with wild flowers growing in summer profusion at the side on the high hedge-bank, forming the background of the upper illustration, is within a few hundred yards of where the British advance in the new Battle of Flanders opened. It formed a kind of covered way revetted some time ago with wattle hurdles as seen, on the side towards the Germans, above

which field-grass and summer flowers sprang up. A party of Irish Guardsmen, taking that way to the fire-trenches before the battle, are the men seen. The second illustration records an incident near Boesinghe, where the French and British attacking lines linked. The ground in front after the advance was dotted in places with the casualties of both nations.—[Official Photos.]



own recommendation. "It is never opened, Senhor, except for the most distinguished guests; and they, alas, are very few in these times!"

The doctor turned sharply. "What is your lady's name?"

"Luisa," said the man evasively.

"Yes, yes; but her style, her title—rank?"

"I beg the Senhor Doctor to excuse me——"

"Very well. But her illness——"

"It was very sudden, Senhor."

"Doubtless. Can you tell the cause?"

The man hesitated. "The Senhor knows."

"Why, of course, man," said Macgregor, "I know—that's my job. Look here, I believe you're faithful. Tell me, who did it?"

"Her uncle, Senhor. We are out at elbows a little with this war, but the estates are still worth something. The old gentleman, however, is badly down at heel. Our young lady's possessions would not come amiss. He tried first to marry her to his son, but she hates her cousin. Yesterday she returned from a visit to their house——"

"And was taken ill about an hour or so later?"

The servant bowed. "But thanks to you, Doctor, that infamy has been defeated."

"Thanks to your confounded impudence, rather, in beating up my quarters. Now I must be off, but first I'll have another look at the patient." He took a good long look, and promised, by hook or crook, to return the following evening if his duties gave him a chance. His guide promised to meet him at the cross-roads.

Macgregor got back unmissed and unchallenged. Sandy would be secret enough. The doctor passed the day in a fever of apprehension. Orders might come at any moment for a move, and he would never see his mysterious patient again. But about dusk, this time without Sandy, he slipped away, and, sure enough, found his guide at the appointed place.

The news was good. The lady had awakened all but well. She was anxious to thank her physician. Macgregor rode on in a glow of pleasant anticipation.

Luisa received the doctor with something more than the courtesy of a mere patient. Of last night she had no clear remembrance, but Macgregor's appearance was entirely to her liking. She was a daughter of the South, and such she proved herself. A Scot is no bad subject for such favours, and Macgregor, scarcely believing his good fortune, took what the gods gave him and thanked his stars. His detachment was not ordered away

from the neighbourhood for some time, and he improved his professional opportunities as long as luck held. When he had at length to go, he was left in no anxiety about his patient. "I have only a trifling fee to offer you," said Luisa, at parting. "Out of the wreck of my fortunes, choose what you will. It is yours." And the Scot had the wit to know what trifle he was expected to ask. He asked accordingly, and received. Luisa led the way to the private chapel, where the parish priest awaited them.



THE FLANDERS BATTLE: IN ONE OF THE CAPTURED VILLAGES.—[Official Photograph.]



THE FLANDERS BATTLE: TOMMIES CHEERING AS THEY GO FORWARD ON LIGHT RAILWAYS, TO TAKE PART IN THE ADVANCE.—[Official Photograph.]



## German Officer Prisoners



### AWAITING INTERROGATION: ENEMY OFFICERS

Hardly less important in the information it affords the examination of letters and documents found on prisoners wounded, or on the battlefield, is the interrogation every officer and private, has to undergo. Many of the latter stupid to say much, and most of the German officers display, or else lie flatly; but useful items often come out.





## German Officer Prisoners in the New Battle of Flanders



### AWAITING INTERROGATION: ENEMY OFFICERS, ONE WITH A HANOVERIAN REGIMENT'S BADGE.

Hardly less important in the information it affords than the examination of letters and documents found on prisoners and wounded, or on the battlefield, is the interrogation every prisoner, officer and private, has to undergo. Many of the latter are too stupid to say much, and most of the German officers display sulkiness, or else lie flatly; but useful items often come out, which,

pieced together, tell sufficient. In the illustration, two trench-helmeted German officers are waiting for cross-examination. The one standing belongs to a Hanoverian regiment, as shown by the "Gibraltar" on his arm-band, his corps having once been in George the Third's Hanoverian Army, which helped to defend Gibraltar in the Great Siege, and was granted the badge.--[Official Photograph]



On a Battlefield on the Western front.



WAR CURIOS: A TWICE-HIT RED CROSS AMBULANCE; A GERMAN WOODEN "RUM-JAR" GUN.

In the upper illustration a Canadian Red Cross ambulance-car is shown after being damaged by a German shell. This particular car has been twice hit by the enemy. On the first occasion the driver was killed. Repaired, the car took the road again, to suffer as seen. Fortunately, the second driver had left it a few minutes before, or he must have met his predecessor's fate. In the lower illus-

tration, a Canadian officer is examining the damaged remains of a wooden German gun for throwing the short-range clumsy trench-projectiles our men call "rum-jars." The gun is built of oak longitudinally, hooped round with metal bands. Such pieces are sufficiently strong to eject a limited number of "rum-jars" before they give out.—[Canadian War Records.]

A German "Pill-Box"



BUILT OF CONCRETE SLABS, AS A MACHINE-GUN TURRET.

"Pill-box" is the Army term for the German turret seen here amidst the wreckage of a German trench, fighting of a few days ago. Such erections are built of gun emplacements, and provided with head-cover for protection. Concrete slabs, cemented together, and with sheet steel, are used in the construction. 7



## A German "Pill-Box" in a Shelled and Captured Trench.



### BUILT OF CONCRETE SLABS, AS A MACHINE-GUNNERS' NEST: ONE OF THE ENEMY'S TRENCH-TURRETS.

"Pill-box" is the Army term for the German turret-like structure seen here amidst the wreckage of a German trench, taken in the fighting of a few days ago. Such erections are built as machine-gun emplacements, and provided with head-cover and all-round protection. Concrete slabs, cemented together, and often plated with sheet steel, are used in the construction. Their flat-top

surface, or roofs, are at ground-level, and the machine-gunners inside can fire with a wide sweep through the elongated, horizontal embrasure, or "loop-hole," which takes in a wide angle of view, a few inches beneath the roof. They are usually set up at the angles of trenches, to sweep these at either side during an assault. [Canadian War Records.]





# The New Battle of Flanders: The Crossing of the Yser River



THE BRIDGING OF THE YSER AND YSER CANAL UNDER FIRE DURING THE ALLIED ATTACK: TWO OF THE BRITISH INFANTRY

"We have crossed the Yser in many places, and apropos of this the bridging work which has been performed by our troops is wonderful beyond any praise." So writes one of the correspondents in the field with Sir Douglas Haig's armies, of the manner in which our men crossed both the Yser River and the Yser Canal in the new Battle of Flanders. The French divisions co-operating with us did equally notable bridging work, throwing 29 bridges. When the Guards attacked, the Guardsmen threw six bridges and fortified them. Two of our foot-bridges across the Yser for infantry



## The Crossing of the Yser River Barrier.



### THE ALLIED ATTACK: TWO OF THE BRITISH INFANTRY AND PACK-HORSE BRIDGES.

with us did equally notable bridging work, throwing 29 bridges over the Yser Canal. Across the Steenbeek River, where our Guards attacked, the Guardsmen threw six bridges and fortified bridge-heads beyond, in spite of strenuous German efforts to check them. Two of our foot-bridges across the Yser for infantry in file, or led horses, are shown above.—[Official Photograph]



On the field in the New Battle of Flanders.



INCIDENTS: BRITISH GUNNERS BY AN OLD TRENCH AT BOESINGHE; A BARBED-WIRE ROD PACK-HORSE.

A field-battery in the new Battle of Flanders is seen in the upper illustration, while temporarily halted near Boesinghe, close to a former British communication-trench. Boesinghe, a village three miles north of Ypres, was where the French and British lines linked. In that neighbourhood the French started their attack and bridged the Yser. Some of our artillerymen are seen curiously

investigating the trench, part of the wire netting and canvas screen of which remains. The pack-horse in the lower illustration is on the way to Pilkem (on the battlefield where the Welsh smashed the Kaiser's "Cockchafer," the Prussian Guard Fusiliers), loaded with iron uprights to form vertical supports for rows of barbed wire to fortify the ground won against counter-attacks.—[Official Photos.]

Introd

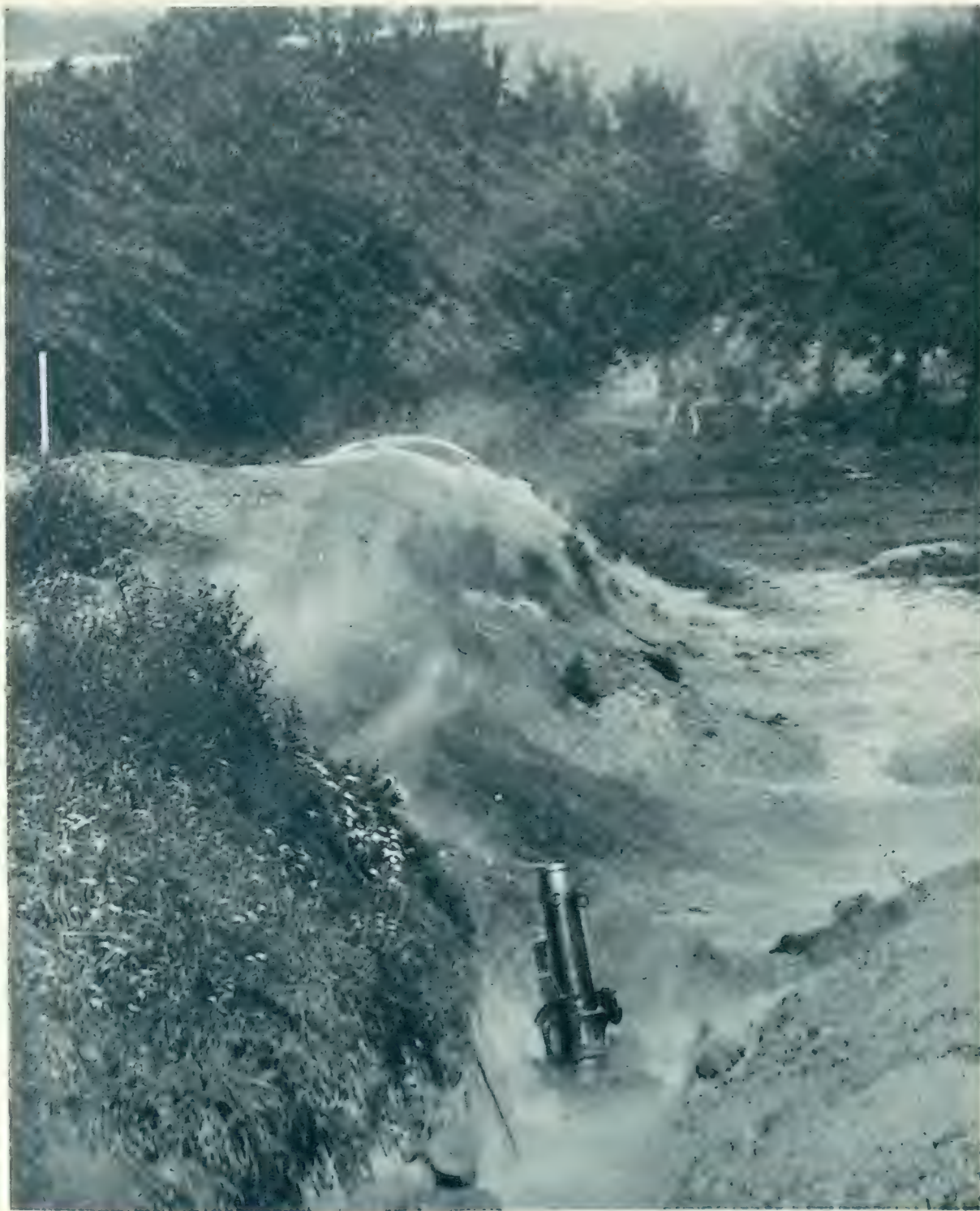


AN UP-TO-DA

A trench-mortar of a parance, is seen in elevation sufficient to c of the grove immediat "chase," the pattern edition of a howitzer



Introduced by the Germans; and Now Dreaded by Them.



AN UP-TO-DATE BRITISH TYPE OF THE MINENWERFER: A TRENCH-MORTAR BEING FIRED.

A trench-mortar of a recent "mark," or pattern, in War Office parlance, is seen in the foreground being fired at an angle of elevation sufficient to carry the projectile well clear of the tree-tops of the grove immediately in front. With its elongated barrel, or "chase," the pattern of mortar shown resembles rather a small edition of a howitzer than the sort of artillery that used to be

commonly called a mortar. The term has come into military employment for such pieces during the present war. Trench-mortars, according to size, can range up to a quarter of a mile, "lobbing," so to speak, their projectiles, either large-sized spherical shells, loaded outside the muzzle and held in position by a "stick" inserted in the barrel, or air-torpedoes.—[Canadian War Records.]

PACK-HORSE.

and canvas screen  
ver illustration is  
the Welsh smashed  
Fusiliers), loaded  
ows of barbed wire  
—[Official Photos.]



With General Allenby's Troops on the Palestine Border.



CAMERA NOTES: AN AUSTRALIAN CAMEL CORPS UNIT; BRITISH GUNS WITH SAND GIRDLED WHEELS.

In the upper illustration is seen one of the units of the Australian Camel Corps, now with the Army under General Allenby's command on the borders of Palestine. Their activities in the war on both the Egyptian frontiers, west and east—in one if not two campaigns against the Senussi and Tripolitan Bedouin invaders on the western frontier, and in the battles across the Sinai Desert on the

eastern side of Egypt—have made the name of the Australian Camel Corps widely renowned. Several photographs of them while on service on both Egyptian fronts have appeared in these pages in previous issues. In the second illustration is seen a British battery on the Palestine border, the tyres of the gun-carriage wheels shod with "girdles" for crossing deep sand.—[Photos, by Topical.]



DRAWING WATER

The rainy season in East the middle of June, during flooded. Towards the end of rains. Between whiles, intersects the forest-belt in water-courses dry up and



order.



LED WHEELS.

of the Australian  
aphs of them while  
ared in these pages  
is seen a British  
gun-carriage wheels  
Photos, by Tipton.

## Dry-Season Campaigning in East Africa.



### DRAWING WATER RATIOMS: A RUSH OF SEPOYS AT THE ONLY SUPPLY AVAILABLE FOR A BRIGADE.

The rainy season in East Africa lasts from the end of March to the middle of June, during which period the entire country is flooded. Towards the end of the year, there is also a lesser period of rains. Between whiles, particularly on the veldt country which intersects the forest-belt in wide stretches, most of the springs and water-courses dry up and the ground is everywhere arid, with few

water-holes or occasional small streams, often yielding only a trickle. For troops operating in these districts, artificial methods have to be used, and the water procured by hand-pump and run through troughs in the camps. At the place shown only enough water to supply one such trough could be got for the use of a whole brigade. Thirsty Indian sepoy are crowding to it.



## DEPÔT DAYS : IX.—THE DAY'S WORK—RÉVEILLE TO BREAKFAST.

I SEEM to have conveyed an impression that we in Tent X 6 are *beaux sabreurs*—*beaux*, and that only. That we lead romantic and hedonistic lives, which are more decorative than Hun-straish. If you have a picture of the twelve of us sitting round in tight Meissonier attitudes—a picture, that is, without kinema effects—please rid yourself of that this-won't-win-the-war idea. Remember that, though the flesh is willing enough, there are sergeants. Indeed, we live very grim lives of ardour and toil—well, ardour and toil within reason. The lark can't crow over us about early rising, to begin with, and even before—

But, to know us in all our torments, you had better have a specimen day. Réveille is at 5 o'clock. First parade, 5.30 a.m.; the notice-board says so—it says it every morning, and notice-boards do not lie. Nevertheless, we are perfectly aware that we are going to get up at 4.45 a.m., and that we will be on parade just about the time that any credulous corporal (if there is such a marvel) believing the notice-board is preparing to whistle us awake. At 5 o'clock, then, we are trailing in our slacks on to the parade ground. We are slightly dishevelled in soul and kit, and when we try to form up in double ranks, by subsections (we have three subsections) we wander about and shove, and generally behave in such a perfectly recruitish way that the puttees of the section-sergeant begin to uncurl in scorn. The sergeant tells us, and very nicely too, that he once had a flock of white mice which could give us points in forming up in ranks.

As we are so pitiful to the human eye, the sergeant turns his glance to the tents, while we

struggle to get the kinks out of ourselves. The sight to be seen among the tents fills him with horror.

"What are those drowsy beggars doing among the tents?" he calls. "Walking among the tents—Corporal—corporals, take every one of their pre-sanctified names! Line 'em up there! Late for parade! Late for—sanitary fatigue for a week, every one of them!"

He switches his eagle eye back to us.

"Stop that talking there—think this is the House of Commons? What the Angel Michael is that man moving about in line for? Section—'shun! S'tease! 'Shun! Wake up there! 'Shun! S'tease! Good Gawd! I've known waxworks do it with more life! 'Shun!"

We stand 'shun. It is a beautiful morning. The sun is only just throwing his first fire on to the pearl and opal of the early

mist. The green of Laffan's Plain, the rising amphitheatre of distant trees, is quiet and olive-green. The sun is rising. For the first time in our lives many of us are witnessing the lyric song of sunrise. "Stop that talking!" yells

every corporal and every sergeant within a radius of 302.03 metres. The section-sergeant, suddenly relenting, raps out, "S'tease." We s'tease. Section-sergeant eyes us accusingly, keeps his eye on us in case we fall through the earth, stretches out his hand, and takes a wad of papers from the Posting Clerk.

As we are a Technical Unit, a number of us are "posted" daily. That is, we leave Depôt and go to other camps or barracks where we do active work with the unit in the trade of our enlistment. Many of these postings are to places in the British Isles; many more are for "overseas." On this

(Continued overleaf.)



THE FLANDERS BATTLE: A SHELL-HOLE IN A GASOMETER NEAR THE FRONT.

Official Photograph.



THE FLANDERS BATTLE: A WORKING PARTY MOVING FORWARD ON THE BATTLEFIELD.—[Official Photograph.]



Orpen's

AT THE HEAD OF  
Major-General Hugh Montagu  
the Royal Scots Fusiliers. Since  
of the war, he has been Com  
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## AKFAST.

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## Orpen's Portrait of the Commander of the flying Corps.



## AT THE HEAD OF SIR DOUGLAS HAIG'S AIR SERVICE: MAJOR-GENERAL H. M. TRENCHARD, C.B.

Major-General Hugh Montague Trenchard is a former officer of the Royal Scots Fusiliers. Since 1914, the year of the outbreak of the war, he has been Commandant of the Central Flying School, and is at the present time in command of the Flying Corps in the field. He had previously seen war service in South Africa, with special corps, the Imperial Yeomanry, the Bushmen's Corps, and

the Canadian Scouts, and later commanded troops in West Africa. General Trenchard became an Instructor Squadron-Commander at the Central School of the Royal Flying Corps in 1912. A year later he was promoted Assistant-Commandant, and in August 1914 temporary Commandant of the R.F.C. Mr. William Orpen, A.R.A., is one of the official artists on the Western Front.



early morning parade our fate is dealt out to us. The sergeant shouts—

"These men fall out. They are to parade with kit at 8.45." (Sometimes it is "parade without kit"—that may mean overseas or merely local posting.) "Three-Two-Seven-O-Five"

Corporals down the line take the call up—

"Three-Two-Seven-O-Five, Tebbing!"

Tebbing, getting the shock of his life at hearing his name called so publicly, blurts "*He-ear!*" and doubles out of line—to form up in the wrong place near the sergeant, and to be shoved into the right place by a corporal. The process goes on until the list is exhausted. When the list is exhausted all of us who remain are gloomy. Many have been called, but we have *not* been chosen. The grind of the *Depôt* goes on for us.

"*'Shun!*" snaps the sergeant. "*S'tease!* Jump to it now! *'Shun!* Dis-miss." We break up and leave the parade. "*Leave*" is the just

has a different linear measure, those of us who don't have to stretch to look into it have to bob.

The washing place is a long form of gratings raised on thigh-high legs, and it is situate in the spot where the east wind catches it sore. There are stand-pipes with double taps at intervals along the form, and there are many round tin washing-bowls (rather like buckets cut short in their upward career). There are, however, many more washers than bowls. Sometimes one secures a bowl by craft, luck, or mere sternness in the face of a younger recruit who thinks he got it first. At other times one joins five pairs of other hands, and competes for the thin stream that issues from a tap on the stand-pipe. Very quickly—oh, very quickly, for there is ice in the gale—washing is through. One rescues one's tooth-paste from the lad who thinks it is an Army issue.

As one returns one may enjoy oneself by noting that Evans has been "*clicked*" as he slips



THE FLANDERS BATTLE: PACK-MULES LADEN WITH AMMUNITION MOVING FORWARD OVER NEWLY-CAPTURED GROUND.—[Official Photograph.]

word. Some recruits begin to run—is not breakfast near? That is a crime.

It is now 5.30. The first "*sitting*" (doesn't that sound magnificent?) the first sitting of breakfast is at 5.45. There are men already living up outside the big marquees; knives, forks, and spoons bristle in many hands. Some of the eager ones of Tent X 6 are already there. Others of us are more scientific—even more cleanly. We have decided that the time between now and second sitting is just that compact, necessary space to allow us to (1) shave, (2) wash, (3) at a pinch to clean buttons. We borrow Mr. James' mug, go off to the washing-place for water, return, and shave with considerable contortion in the tent. It has to be contortion. The mirror is one of those small, idiotic tin things into which one can project half a chin, but no upper-lip. It hangs from the tent-pole, and, since everyone in the tent

out of a marquee for ration fatigue by the cook-house corporal. One realises that gluttony sometimes brings its own punishment. Craik, who can escape any fatigue, tells at the tent that haddock and porridge (same plate) are on the *menu* to-day.

You fold your blankets calmly in the approved Army patterns, and in the approved Army bundle (three in the middle and one bound round), place your great-coat neatly on top, and towel neatly on top of that, and take all (as the cook-books say) and place in line (with others) outside the tent. Then, having got into your tunic, and having seized your knife, fork, and spoon, off you go for second sitting of breakfast.

This is only the beginning of the day. You see, our activities are so huge that I shall have to make a serial of it—"to be continued in our next."

W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.



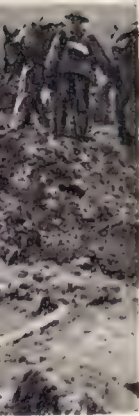
#### DIRECTING OPERATION

Before the war, Sir Douglas was leader in the foremost rank, as Chief of the Staff in India, in charge at Aldershot, and was First Army Corps. His major retreat from Mons and in the



Aug. 15, 1917

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GLAS NEWTON.

## Orpen's Portrait of the British Commander-in-Chief.



### DIRECTING OPERATIONS IN THE BATTLE OF FLANDERS: FIELD-MARSHAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG, K.T.

Before the war, Sir Douglas Haig was acknowledged as an army leader in the foremost rank. He had seen war service, and served as Chief of the Staff in India. When the war broke out, he was in charge at Aldershot, and went to the Front in command of the First Army Corps. His masterly handling of his troops in the retreat from Mons and in the first Battle of Ypres set the seal

on his reputation. On Lord French taking charge of the Home defences, Sir Douglas Haig's promotion to the chief command was a matter of course. His leadership since has brought him a Field-Marshal's baton and the K.T. His methods are already well attested. The painter of the portrait, Mr. William Orpen, A.R.A., is one of the Official Artists on the Western Front.



## With the Army in Mesopotamia.



AT THE FRONT: AEROPLANES SCREENED AGAINST THE HEAT: UNLOADING FODDER ON THE TIGRIS.

Aden is acknowledged as the hottest spot in the British Empire. A soldier there on sentry, it is told, one midnight, was visited by the ghost of a dead comrade notorious for his evil life. "Bill," exclaimed the ghost, "for mercy sake tell the padre to get my blankets sent me down below, I've been shivering since I left Aden." The Tigris plains of Mesopotamia are said, according to officers

who have served in both places, to be hotter than Aden. As our upper illustration shows, during June, July, and August, our aeroplanes in the field are kept screened from the fierce heat of the sun with matting, to prevent the wood and cloth fabric warping and splitting. The lower illustration is a commissariat wharf scene at Baghdad.—[Photos, by C.N.]

## AT BAGHDAD

An interesting trophy of the war, Alfred Mond's propeller, which fell into our hands some time in the summer, is now in the hands of some European adventurer.



# With the Army in Mesopotamia.



AT BAGHDAD AND ON THE TIGRIS: A PERSIAN GUN-TROPHY: EMBARKING ON A RIVER-BARGE.

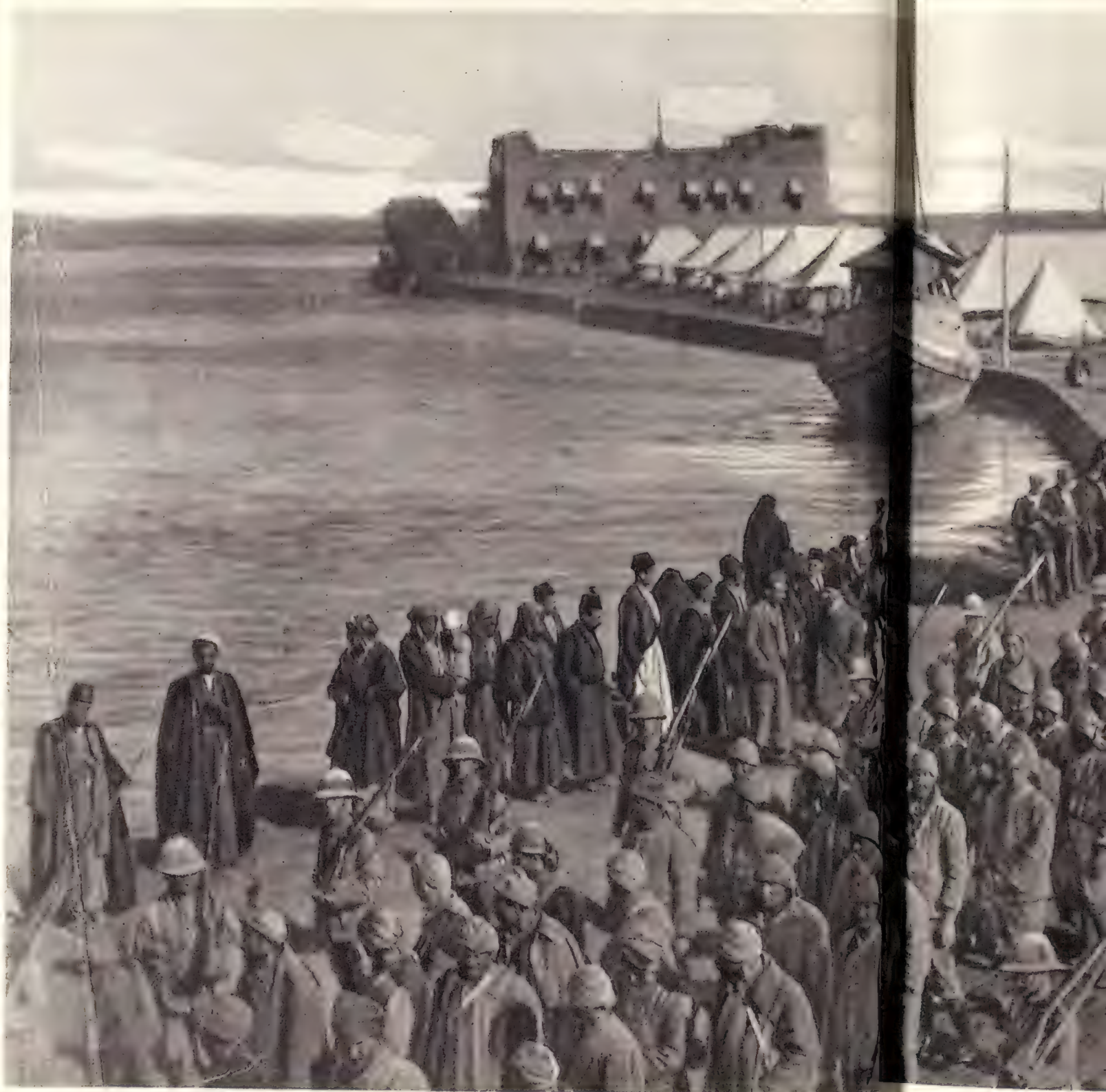
An interesting trophy, that should in due course find its way to Sir Alfred Mond's projected National War Museum, is shown in the upper illustration. It is a cannon of monster dimensions, which fell into our hands at Baghdad, understood to be of Persian casting, some time in the sixteenth century. The design is European, and some European adventurer of the many in the East at that period

was doubtless responsible for it. The "dolphins," or handles for lifting, seen at the centre of the gun, show, *inter alia*, the European parentage of the design. They were a French invention of the time of Francis I., and were so called as being originally always shaped after the sea animals. The lower illustration shows troops boarding a Tigris river barge-transport.—[Photos. by C.N.]





# In Mesopotamia during Sir Stanley Maude's Advance to t



TURKISH PRISONERS TAKEN DURING LATER FIGHTING: A COLUMN BEING MARCHED ALONG THE RIVER WHARF

Baghdad, during the fighting to the northward up the valley of the Tigris which followed during Sir Stanley Maude's advance on the track of the retreating Turkish Army after the capture of the city, has served for the time as an advanced base. There, while stores brought up the Tigris from Kut and below as far as Basrah were being stored and pushed forward to

the columns in the field, the Turkish prisoners were marched down the river, before re-shipping, being marched under escort to



# Stanley Maude Advance to the North of Baghdad.



COLUMN BEING MARCHED ALONG THE RIVER WHARF AT BAGHDAD NEAR THE GENERAL HOSPITAL.

Stanley Maude's advance column, as an advanced base, and pushed forward to the columns in the field, the Turkish prisoners taken by Sir Stanley Maude in his further advance were landed, on being brought down the river, before re-shipment down stream, to prisoner-camps elsewhere. A set of Turk prisoners, recently taken, is being marched under escort to Baghdad detention-station, along a wharf near the Army Hospital, seen in the background.



## WOMEN AND THE WAR.

It is always gratifying to be rewarded for services rendered, though certainly the women who are working so disinterestedly in the service of their country are the last people to agitate in favour of official marks of recognition for work done. In these circumstances, it was all the more satisfactory to read a recent Army Order stating that the gold-stripe distinction for wounds worn by officers would be awarded to members of military nursing services, members of Voluntary Aid Detachments, and special probationers employed in military hospitals who might chance to get wounded through enemy action while serving in this country. In the earlier days of the war the chances were all against a nurse on duty at home being wounded while in the discharge of her duties. Now, however, that the Huns have succeeded in bringing the war to our gates, so to speak, the nurse who may happen to be on duty during an air raid will, if she is wounded, be entitled to receive the golden distinction.



READY FOR WORK: A GROUP OF GROOMS  
AT MESSRS. MACNAMARA'S.

Women stable-workers are being found very useful at Messrs. Macnamara's, the big contractors to the Government. They are seen here ready to start grooming the horses and getting them ready for their next journey with the Royal Mail vans.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

sex that there are practically no instances on record of women once being employed and then dismissed as unsuitable. Cases do, of course, occur now and again, but they are the exceptions that prove women to be possessed of that perseverance and conscientiousness that will, in the long run, overcome all difficulties. A recent return of women's work shows that since the war Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son have employed over four thousand women, and that a very large number of women are still in training, preference being given to wives or relatives of men released for service. Whenever it is possible, employment is found for widows or dependents of men killed.

We women at home are apt, in our own preoccupations, to overlook the effects of the war on our sisters in other countries.

Japanese women are not an emancipated race, but the war has done much to improve their position. One result of it is that new professions are gradually being thrown open to them. Educationally, the woman of the



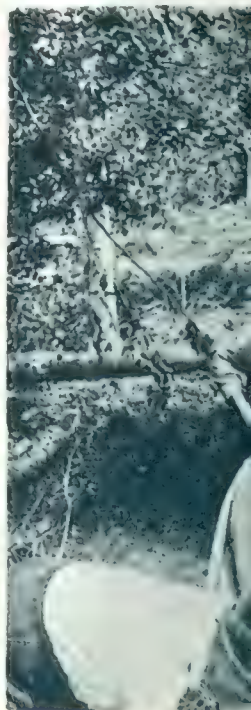
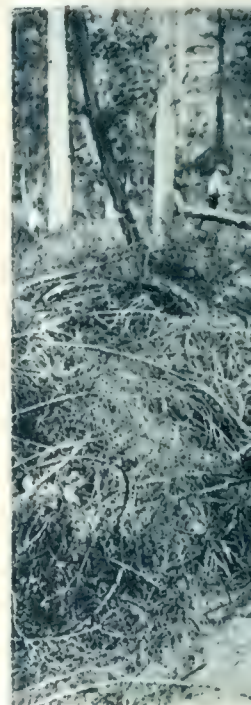
WOMEN-WORKERS IN A STABLE YARD: A SCENE AT A GOVERNMENT CONTRACTOR'S.

Messrs. Macnamara are finding their women-workers entirely satisfactory and adaptable. They are seen here busily employed in the stable-yard of the contractors.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

Almost every week one reads of an increase in the number of women employed in special work "owing to the war," and it speaks well for the

Flowery Land does not hold an advanced position. Except in medicine, she cannot obtain a university education. However, she has made such good

[Continued overleaf.]



SUPERVISING PO

Many members of the Women have shown in previous issues in Devonshire and the West of England, among other duties, fellers who are working for foresters are seen in these ill



## Women's forestry Work for the War.



### SUPERVISING PORTUGUESE WOOD-CUTTERS: PLANNING; MEASURING FOR THE SAWYERS.

Many members of the Women's Forestry Corps, some of whom we have shown in previous issues at work tree-felling and log-cutting in Devonshire and the West of England, find employment as timber-measurers, among other duties, with the gangs of Portuguese wood-fellers who are working for the Allies in England. The women-foresters are seen in these illustrations while so occupied. In the

upper illustration some are planning arrangements for the Portuguese gangs, seen in the background, who are to cut up felled tree-trunks. In the lower illustration, women-measurers are marking odd lengths of timber for the Portuguese to saw into logs and baulks. Wood-cutting for charcoal-burning is one of the peasant occupations in the forest region of northern Portugal.—[Photos. by S. and G.]



use of such opportunities as she has that there are prospects of further emancipation. At the moment there are 336 women physicians practising in Japan, and this year, out of 39 successful candidates in the Tokyo medical examinations, 27 were women.

Medicine apart, there have been other developments in women's work in Japan, due mainly to



IN THE STABLES: WILLING WOMEN-WORKERS.

Ladies work hard in grooming the horses in the stables of Messrs. Macnamara, the Government contractors, and are proving very satisfactory. The one in a white smock, seen in our photograph, is Miss P. Grylls, the forewoman.

Photograph by Sport and General.

industrial conditions created by the war. The "lady" typist is one of the country's latest products, and the store-girl is another instance of the gradual breaking-down of the restrictions with which the women-folk of our Eastern Allies were once hedged about.

The effect of the war on Turkish women is even more surprising. Who would have thought that the atmosphere of the harem would breed an independence of spirit vigorous enough to surprise and intimidate the unspeakable Turk? But that is what has happened. In the first place, the war has had an appreciable effect on the attitude of Turkish women towards public affairs. So far, the walls of their homes—or rather, of the harem—have bounded their vision, and their husbands were supposed to afford as much interest as any reasonable woman could expect.

But things have changed since Turkey threw in her lot with the Hun. The manhood of the country has gone out of the home, and, as a consequence, the interest of Turkish womanhood has followed it. The result has been that the "powers that be" have occasionally been placed in a decidedly awkward position. For instance, when

the fighting at the Dardanelles was at its heaviest, a large deputation of anxious wives and mothers marched to the Turkish War Office and demanded the restitution of their sons and husbands. It is easy to imagine the consternation such a step caused, not so much on account of the impossibility of acceding to the demand as because of the new feminine spirit of which it was a sign. There is another point: women's education in Turkey is steadily increasing, and the women's college at Constantinople is rapidly extending its work.

Dress, always an important matter where women are concerned, is slowly changing in conformity with the ideas of the more emancipated among the women. British women, in the old days, were content to clothe themselves in garments that hampered the free action of their limbs, even as the ideas governing their status limited the full development of their mental faculties. But as Englishwomen gained more freedom, and demanded and obtained the right to mould more or less their own destinies, they gradually adopted a more comfortable style of dress. Much the same thing has happened in Turkey, where modern woman, finding the "purdah" altogether too uncomfortable, adopted shortened

skirts and thinner veils, to the surprised indignation of the Turkish Government, who forthwith attempted to make the wearing of any such gar-



LOOKING WELL AFTER THEIR CHARGES: WOMEN-WORKERS AT A GOVERNMENT CONTRACTOR'S.

Our photograph shows Miss Parry, Miss Prince, and Miss Horbury bringing food and straw for the horses of which they have charge, in the stables of Messrs. Macnamara, the well-known Government contractors.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

ments illegal. The result was such a storm of protest on the part of the women that the legislation was promptly cancelled. Even the Turk realised that you can take a dress to a woman, but you cannot make her wear it. CLAUDINE CLEVE.



CAMERA NOTES: COM

In the upper illustration is seen quarters on relief after a day's taking their way along a road, ago, and now with its sides with summer flowers and grass an infantry unit about to go



## The Battle of Flanders: Everyday Scenes.



### CAMERA NOTES: COMING BACK FROM THE FIRING-LINE; RIFLE INSPECTION IN A GAS-SHELL AREA.

In the upper illustration is seen a party of Canadians returning to quarters on relief after a day in the firing-line. The men are taking their way along a communication-trench, dug some time ago, and now with its sides and the ground all round overgrown with summer flowers and grass. In the lower illustration men of an infantry unit about to go on duty are having their rifles

inspected by their officer. Muzzle-inspection is a most important routine duty, for even a small particle of mud, rust, or grit inside the muzzle would cause the rifle-barrel to burst, or be rendered useless. The breech is held open to give a clear sight down the barrel. The locality being constantly bombarded by gas-shells, the men are wearing their mask-bags.—[Canadian War Records.]

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# THE GREAT WAR.

## RUSSIA'S CRITICAL HOUR—OTHER FRONTS—ADMIRALTY CHANGES— THE STOCKHOLM QUESTION.

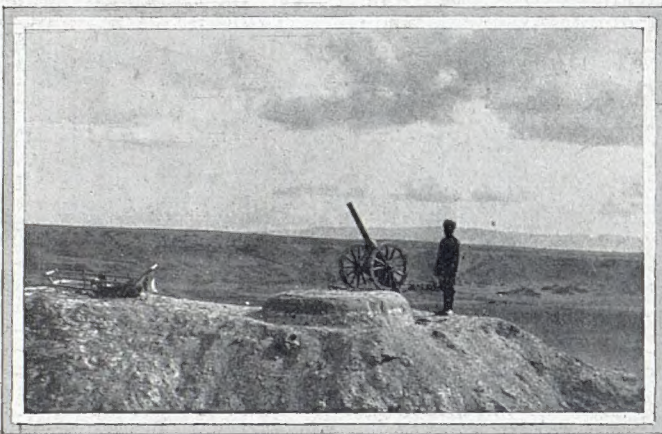
AFFAIRS in Russia, both military and political, continue disquieting. M. Kerensky, finding that he could no longer be responsible to the country, asked the Provisional Government to accept his resignation. This the Government refused to do, and, the Cabinet having resigned, the Prime Minister again consented to take up office, and formed an entirely new Cabinet, in which all parties were represented. The new body in its constitution gave some prospect of steadiness, and it seemed as if the Premier had at least a chance of a free hand to carry out his difficult task of reconciliation and of restoration. His position is virtually that of a dictator, which has given offence to certain political elements, who consider this a negation of the principles of revolution; but there were signs that the difficulty might be successfully overcome, and the completion of the new Ministry showed a fair

unanimity of opinion. Nothing short of single control is possible at the moment if Russia is to be saved. The military position did not improve during the period under review. The Carpathian line was to all intents and purposes lost, and the enemy continued to advance on an objective

believed to be Odessa and the wheat-producing lands of southern Russia. The resistance stiffened to some extent on various fronts, but the tide was not stemmed. It was evidently the enemy's purpose to isolate the Russian and the Roumanian armies. The latter continued to fight with great determination and won certain successes, afterwards discounted by the steady pressure

of the Austro-German forces. Bessarabia was seriously threatened. But in face of these misfortunes General Korniloff showed himself resolved to carry on the conflict with all the vigour in his power. He would not for a

[Continued overleaf.]



WITH OUR ARMY ON THE PALESTINE BORDER: ON THE SCENE OF THE TURKISH DEFEAT AT MAGHDABA.

Maghdaba is near El Arish. The final battle which cleared the Sinai Peninsula of the Turks took place there, resulting in the break-up of the Turkish force and capture of over 1200 prisoners.—[Photograph by Topical.]



WITH OUR ARMY ON THE PALESTINE BORDER: THE REMAINS OF AN ANCIENT CITY UNEARTHED AT FLUSIAT, NEAR THE SEA-COAST.—[Photograph by Topical.]



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"CROW'S FEET," AN

The spiked boards, beside which after a day's fighting in the Flanders, were found in the men are. They are used by be laid down in a trench to way along it, or, when scat



Aug. 15, 1917

## The Battle of Flanders: Spiked Boards in a Trench.



"CROW'S FEET," AN OLD-WAR GERMAN DEVICE BEING USED: WRITING HOME IN A CAPTURED TRENCH.

The spiked boards, beside which are two Canadian soldiers, resting after a day's fighting in the course of the present Battle of Flanders, were found in the captured German trench where the men are. They are used by the Germans everywhere, either to be laid down in a trench to hold up hostile troops making their way along it, or, when scattered about in the open, to lame or

stop men or horses charging. The iron spikes are called "crow's feet," from their shape. They are so contrived that when not fastened on boards, but put down separately, one spike always sticks up. The crow's foot is a centuries-old war-implement, used first in German civil wars of the Middle Ages. All armies have since employed them.—[Canadian War Records.]

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moment entertain the possibility that Russia should surrender.

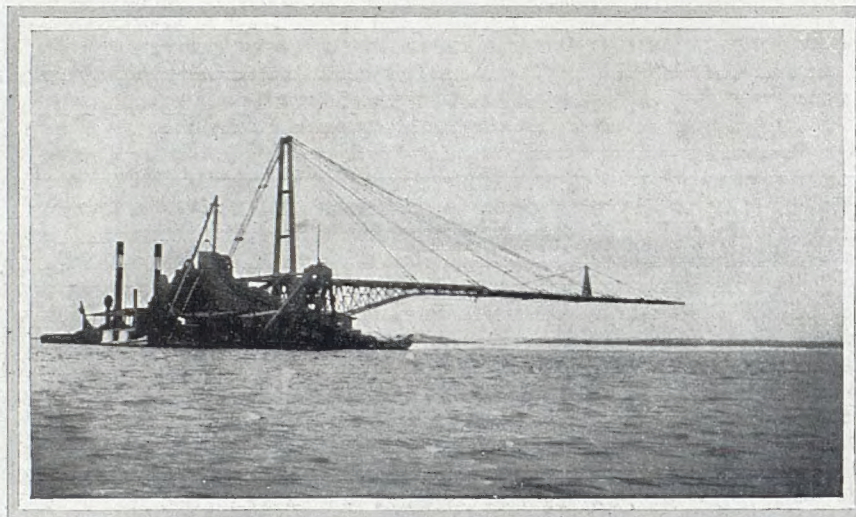
From Greece the news has been mainly political. King Alexander formally took the oath, and the old Parliament, so long in abeyance, reassembled. During the discussion of

no particular genius to guess. The returns of vessels sunk by mines or submarines for the week ending Aug. 5 show 21 vessels over 1600 tons; 2 under 1600 tons; fishing-vessels, none. The arrivals were 2673, the sailings 2796. The tonnage sunk can be ascertained only in a bare minimum,

which is obviously far below the mark; but details are still withheld, although America has urgently desired their publication, for the better instruction of the United States in the necessity of a strenuous preparation to meet and overcome piracy. The number of large vessels sunk shows an increase over the previous week's returns.

Controversy ran high upon the question of the appearance of British delegates at the Stockholm Conference. It was said that Mr. Henderson was modifying his views, and the announcement somewhat reassured those who regretted the

Minister's attitude as likely to impair his acknowledged great services. Opinion was firmly solidifying against any appearance of parley with the enemy of the world's liberty while he is still unrepentant. The Allied Governments were re-



WITH THE BRITISH FORCES ON AN EASTERN FRONT: A SUCTION-DREDGER AT WORK DEEPENING THE SHIP CHANNEL.

Both suction and bucket dredgers are used in our ports at home, and are common objects of interest to visitors. The former are employed principally where the bottom is sandy.—[Photograph by Topical.]

military service, M. Venizelos was accused of aiming at a dictatorship. In reply, he told the Chamber that he had actually been offered the Dictatorship, but had refused it. On the Salonika front there was no perceptible change in the situation.

In East Africa there was serious fighting on Aug. 3. The British took the offensive ten miles south-west of Lindi, a port 170 miles south of Dar es Salaam. Indian and African troops were also engaged in an affair which was sharply contested, but inconclusive. Elsewhere, other operations have been going steadily in our favour, and the scattered German forces are being driven towards Mahenge, on which several British columns are converging.

Interest in naval affairs has been chiefly on dry land. Further changes in personnel took place at the Admiralty, and these, it was hinted, were only the prelude to others, greater and more startling. These hints and the nature of the shuffling of the cards might or might not point to a turn of affairs which it takes



WITH THE BRITISH FORCES ON THE PALESTINE FRONT: GENERAL BAILHOUS, OF THE FRENCH ARMY, WHO HOLDS HIGH COMMAND IN THE EAST, BESTOWING THE ACCOLADE AFTER CONFERRING THE CROIX DE GUERRE ON AN AUSTRALIAN COLONEL.

Photograph by Topical.

ported to be in favour of abstention. Meetings of the Labour Party were held in London, resulting in a decision to send delegates, but another meeting is to be held.

LONDON: AUG. 11, 1917.

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ABOUT